John Bull, October 16th, 1915.

"FEAR NO FOE." See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 489. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 153064

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue
If Britain to itself do rest, but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,300,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TC US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of £100

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... £100

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding £100

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to £25

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to £10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of ... and must be supported by such evidence as may be ... the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all quest... more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular and continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Oct. 16th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Oct. 16th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose ... postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," ... London, W.C. Oct. 16th, 1915.

... order a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

NB Another of Mr. Bottomley's Inspiring Articles under the title of

'If I were a Woman'

appears in this week's Everywoman's Weekly

1d

At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

A COLLAR BARGAIN

ANY SHAPE OR SIZE.

6 for 2/4, or 4/6 per dozen

Post Free United Kingdom. Postage extra abroad.

These collars are made of the finest Egyptian yarns, wear longer and look better than linen, and will withstand rough laundering.

Send postal order for trial half dozen or dozen, stating size and depth, also whether double, wing or plain stand-up shape is required.

Money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Comprehensive List of Lawn and Linen Handkerchiefs sent free.

J. FIELD & CO., Collar Specialists, 293, BELSIZE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

AGENTS (Smart) Wanted for Private Christmas Cards with REGIMENTAL BADGES.

Sheet of 117 Badges in colours and gold with each book. Patriotic Designs. Increased commissions. Lowest Prices, post free.

Apply at once, The Publishers (W), Humber Works, Hull.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 8/6. Children's 7/6. Sou'-westers, 1/6. Long Leggings, 2/6. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to HARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Riley Billiards

in Thousands of Homes for a small first payment of 8/6.

Great FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives.

THINK OF IT! Just a Postal Order NOW, and years of continuous enjoyment are given your household. Healthy, happy amusement that adds an enjoyment to home life. Recreation for young or old—and Billiards is a game that's easy to learn on a Riley Miniature Table, which is so perfectly proportioned, and so well made, that any expert player delights in making the most difficult strokes on it.

8/6

Down brings to your home

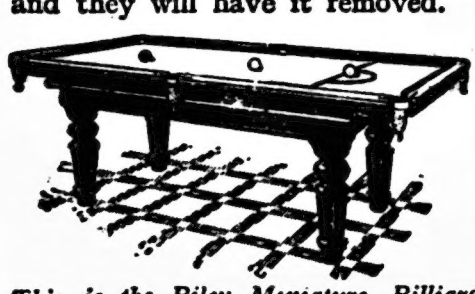
Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Tables (size 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., cash price 5 guineas) is dispatched to your door, carriage paid (no charge for packages), within two or three days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas. A delightfully convenient size to fit OVER an ordinary table, and to suit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

Also in smaller and larger sizes—prices in proportion.

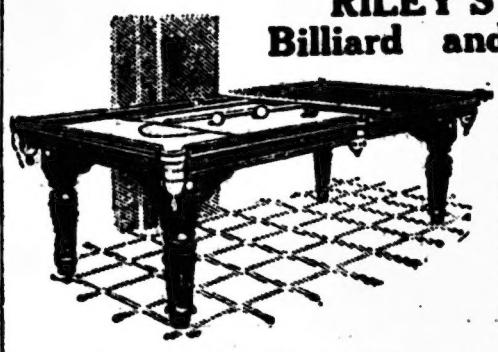


This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary Table.

Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£3	7	6	*Or in monthly payments—5 per cent being added to cash prices.*	5/6
,, 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	4	7	6		7/-
,, 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	5	5	0		8/6
,, 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	7	5	0		11/6
,, 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in.	10	0	0		16/-

IN ADDITION to the Miniature Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by monthly payments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

RILEY'S "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table



This shows the Riley "Combine" Table and the easy method of changing.

Really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months.

Cash prices are as follows:

Size 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£13 10 0
,, 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	£15 0 0
,, 7ft. 4 n. by 3ft. 10in.	£18 10 0
,, 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in.	£24 10 0
,, 9ft. 4in. by 4ft. 10in.	£32 0 0

Or in 13 monthly instalments, plus 5 per cent. on above cash prices. Also in 18 monthly payments.

FREE on receipt of a postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and Full or Small-sized Tables or Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Crescent Works, Accrington

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

DAISY

CURES

Soldiers' & Sailors'

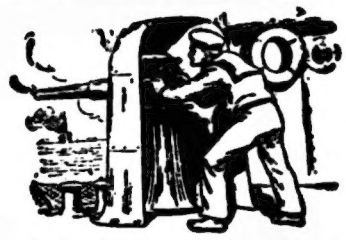
HEADACHES

That "Daisies" are a most welcome gift for our Soldiers and Sailors is proved by the vast number of letters of gratitude we constantly receive.

"Daisies" cure the terrible gunfire headaches in a way that is simply marvellous.

Pte. W. H. Mansell, "G" Company, Brecknock Battalion, Aden, writes:—

"A Soldier could not carry a better item in his kit than a Daisy' when on service in India. The heat is so intense that it often causes severe headache. We do a great deal of outpost duty here, and after standing two hours in the hot sun we often get a dizzy headache."



A. J. Castle, 41 Mess, H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth," writes:—

"I have handed round the 'Daisy' powders amongst my shipmates, and they have found them the best cure for headache and toothache."

Stoker A. E. Milton, H.M. Submarine C28, Grand Fleet, writes:—

"Daisies" are just the article we require in the Submarine branch of the Navy. Our duty now is most strenuous, and we have found them very handy as we all suffer from bad headaches."

"Daisy" is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere in 1s. packets containing 20 powders.

WE WILL SEND YOUR SOLDIER OR SAILOR THREE "DAISIES" FREE

Send a postcard with his full name, service, description and address and we will make him a present of *three* "Daisies" *free*. "Daisies" will at once ease his pain and he will be deeply grateful to you for the kindly thought.

Write at once to:—

DAISY, Ltd., (Dept. B.J.), LEEDS.

Are YOU a Patriotic Briton?

If so, demand at your Club or Restaurant

BRITISH LAGER,

ALLSOPP'S

or other. We ask you to INSIST on getting it, or to go elsewhere. By doing so you will get the best article and promote British Trade.

Berkeley Value towers over all

There are many reasons why the Berkeley Easy Chairs are unrivalled in value, comfort, and design, but the principal reason is because every Berkeley is made in our own Factories by British workmen.

The Model No. 2 (as illustrated) is a roomy and comfortable Easy Chair, handsome in appearance, built on strong birch-wood frame, with best steel-coppered springs, hygienic stuffing, and splendidly upholstered in smart durable tapestries to match any scheme of decoration. As a supreme guarantee

EVERY BERKELEY IS SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE

Choose your covering from our samples (sent free), and then send 2/6 only with your order. We send the Chair without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, for your approval, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it *at our expense*, and we will refund your money in full.

30/- or 2/6 with order and balance 4/- monthly.

FREE Send postcard to-day for patterns of Tapestries and full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.

Dept. BX. 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.
West-End Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, Westminster.

RAMESES

UNDERWEAR

British! Germany's hold upon the Underwear Trade in England has been nothing short of remarkable, but its continuance is unthinkable.

"Rameses" Underwear offers the Britisher a *British* article at a price that hitherto has usually meant the purchase of a *German* article.

And "Rameses," despite its price, is thoroughly reliable. It is comfortable, serviceable, durable—it has British thoroughness and British honesty behind it.

Its excellence at the price is possible only because its makers have unrivalled facilities for buying raw material and the most modern labour-saving machinery.

Not only Patriotism, but true Economy *and* Wisdom should make you buy and wear "Rameses" Underwear.

ALL GENUINE "RAMESES" BEARS THE TRADE MARK.

"Rameses" garments for men and women may be obtained at your Draper's or Outfitter's.

Make sure to see the Trade Mark.

THE RAMESES

RAMESES UNDERWEAR COMPANY, LEICESTER.

One Cupful Proves it!

IT only needs *one cupful* to satisfy you of the quality, the economy and the convenience of Milkmaid Cocoa. Here, in a handy tin, you have the *best of cocoa, milk and sugar* —all correctly blended. The simple addition of hot water makes a most delicious and sustaining beverage.

Milkmaid Cocoa

Cash price 4½d and 8½d. per tin—of all Grocers.

Write for attractive illustrated Book of Recipes free on receipt of name and address of Grocer.

"MILKMAID BRAND," D.P. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 489. Week ending Saturday, October 16th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Campaign.

Just back from Blackpool, Swansea, Cardiff, Nottingham, Accrington, Liverpool, Middlesbro' and Sunderland—and East Ham—we are now off to Nelson (Sunday), Preston (Monday), Newcastle-on-Tyne (Tuesday)—where we are to be entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; Birmingham (Wednesday)—where the Bishop has promised to "support" us—and Bristol (Thursday, Trafalgar Day).

Hospitality.

Speaking of entertainment, at Southampton we spent a very pleasant hour with the Mayor and Town Clerk; at Weymouth we were entertained most regally by Major Groves (the Chief Recruiting Officer for the District), Mr. T. J. Templeman, and other leading local residents; and at Porthcawl, Mr. R. E. Jones—"the Joe Lyons of Wales"—and Mr. Councillor Jones, the proprietor of the *Porthcawl News*, were our hosts; whilst the climax of hospitality was reached at Cardiff, when, under the presidency of Mr. T. A. Blane (who, by the way, is prospective Parliamentary candidate for Leicester), we were feasted and feted by some of the leading members of the Shipping Exchange—including its most popular member, the genial and jovial old sport known as Jack Cadogan.

Trafalgar Day.

By the way, Bristol is making a big thing of this year's Trafalgar celebration. A great programme has been arranged at the Colston Hall—capable of accommodating several thousand people—and we have been honoured with an invitation to deliver a special "Empire oration"; whilst Miss Esmé Beringer will recite a selection of patriotic war poems—including our own verses, "Why Is the Red Blood Flowing?" Altogether Bristol is to have an impressive reminder of the great anniversary.

Recruiting.

As we feared, the recent Saturday afternoon rally didn't bear much fruit; nor will the new Labour Campaign. But we now have a Director of Recruiting—to whom we address "a few words" on another page.

What About This?

At our present rate of progress we shall soon be on the two million circulation mark—which will be a wonderful record in journalistic, as distinguished from newspaper, sales. And we shall want our first two-millionth copy—for framing and exhibiting. It will be worth at least £100 to us—perhaps more; and we think we shall be able to devise a scheme for securing it from the reader who happens to get it—without infringing the Lottery Act, bless its dear grey head!

Winston's Paintings.

Everyone is anxious to see Winston's pictures, and is curious to know exactly what he has been painting. The answer is—the lily.

A Word With the P.M.-G.

Would Mr. Samuel kindly tell us what steps, if any, are being taken to either close up or protect the tunnels which were bored several years ago for the conveyance of parcels from the G.P.O. to the leading termini, and which have long been disused?

Ministers and Their Servants.

We beg to ask whether any, and, if so, how many Ministers in the present Government still have German servants in their employ; and we trust that the fact of our asking this question will obviate the necessity for our answering it.

Sir Thomas Bucknill.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." With Sir Thomas Bucknill passes away a fine sportsman, a charming man, and an able Judge. To the end he was "Tommy"; to the end everybody who knew him loved him. That said all is said, for life and death.

Smillie's Surprise.

Mr. Smillie, who is spoken of as Mr. Keir Hardie's successor in Merthyr, told his audience the other day that there had been "a rush from the aristocracy and the wealthy classes to go on active service *such as no one ever expected.*" About as complete a compound of ignorance and impertinence as we have come across for many a day. Poor Smillie! And poor Merthyr!

The Old Story.

From Capt. Cobbett, 10th Batt. London Regiment: "Just a line to thank you on behalf of the Colonel and my brother officers for the grand efforts you made on Saturday last for the 10th Batt. London Regt. Needless to state this is the general opinion throughout Hackney; you struck the right vein in your excellent address. I am very glad to inform you that this last week's recruiting has been a considerable improvement over previous weeks, and I have no hesitation in ascribing this encouraging result to your visit."

Justice Ridley.

Surely this egregious Judge will not have the audacity again to take his seat on the bench! We have before us a letter, written some years ago, by a well-known Judge of the King's Bench, in which he says, speaking of a recent judicial appointment: "I hope he won't make such mistakes as Ridley, and——have committed lately. The Lord Chancellor is in a great state of excitement about Ridley, and has asked me to keep an eye on him on the Eastern Circuit." Would Mr. Justice Ridley like to see the original?

Your duty to self and family is set forth on page ii of cover.

Brotherhood.

Mr. Alfred W. Yeo, M.P. for Poplar, was permitted to occupy the pulpit at Angel Street Church, Worcester, the other Sunday afternoon, and let himself go in what we fancy is the characteristic fashion. The occasion was a meeting of the Men's Own Brotherhood, but Mr. Yeo drifted into war topics and anathematised the Conscriptionist. "I am up against that chap," he said. "The man who wants Conscription is the man who is ineligible and too old to be of any use. He's the bloke that knows they can't take him." Putting aside any notion of argument, we think Mr. Yeo's language rather unfitting for a place of worship, and some members of the Brotherhood very much resent his words and the tone of them. They would have spoken out on the spot, but for their reverence for the place. One poor fellow, however, could not contain himself. In a broken, strained voice he interrupted the speaker: "I have two sons there. Why don't somebody else's go?" Then he rose from his seat, drew his membership card from his pocket, tore it in two, and went out. It was the stern message of simple truth reproving the slangy violence of the professional tub-thumper.

Kapok and Copra.

These are not mystic words of the Abracadabra order, but the names of two substances which Germany might well find useful in her present need. Kapok is a product akin to cotton, and we believe is capable of being used in the manufacture of explosives. Copra is a substance rich in oils, and consequently of great military value. Large quantities of both are at present being shipped in British vessels from Java to the two Dams—Amster- and Rotter- —ostensibly for Holland. But as they are not included in the list of contraband there is every reason to suppose they are finding their way into Germany, for ultimate use against our gallant troops. The Government would do well to look into this matter without delay. But, of course, they won't. It is too much to expect. In another twelve months say——

The Slacker's Subterfuge.

The problem of how to reach the slackers becomes complicated when we are assured that numbers of eligible young men take up work on munitions so as to be furnished with an excuse for their non-enlistment. It is a coward's trick of sheltering in safety while evading duty, and we fear it is pretty prevalent all over the country. If we instance the Scotswood Works of the Elswick Ordnance Company as a case in point, it is not because things are worse there than elsewhere, but because we are definitely told "there are hundreds of such men whose services at the works could very easily be done without," and there would be no detriment to the output. Now, then, Lord Derby!

"Vigorous Action" on the Cheap.

President Wilson has risen at last in all his might. He says if the Turks do not cease their massacres of Armenians he will show them what o'clock it is—at least, "the American Ambassador in Constantinople has been instructed to inform the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs that, unless the massacres cease, friendly relations between the United States and Turkey will be threatened." Lest there should be any misunderstanding about the matter, it is explained by State Department officials at Washington that "a diplomatic break with Turkey is not contemplated." And this is the representative of "the greatest country on earth"!

Popularity.

Councillor Cole, of Wood Green, being an observant man, wanted the Wood Green Council to tell him why JOHN BULL was not supplied in the Free Library, and he made the interesting suggestion that this journal should take the place at present occupied by *Justice*, which, it seems, does "lie on the table" of the reading-room. The idea of JOHN BULL displacing justice is foreign to our thoughts, but when the word is *Justice* with a capital J and *italic* letters, we modestly stand apart, and would leave it to the people of Wood Green to patronise whichever journal they prefer—if there is not room for both. We find, however, some curious remarks on the subject in a local journal, the *Sentinel*, which accuses us of being "popular," and states, "*Justice*, of course, is not popular, and Cr. Cole is usually shrewd enough to be on the 'popular'-side. But still he doesn't altogether understand the functions of a Free Library. It is to develop what are not yet, unfortunately, popular tastes!" We beg to differ from this amazing doctrine. A Free Library exists to supply the people with the literature they demand; a well-thumbed book or a well-read journal proves that the librarian is intelligently meeting requirements. *Justice* is a Socialist organ, and it is not the function of a Free Library to develop a taste for Socialism—even if it is unpopular.

"Moving On."

In his parish magazine for the current month, the Rev. W. Howard Coates, Vicar of Christ Church, Plymouth, has a vigorous and eloquent pastoral on the war, entitled "Moving On." He pictures Britain as a policeman. "Move on," he cries to the Germhuns. "Go back to the place whence you came. Remove your Zepps from our clouds, and your submarines from our seas. Retire from cities, towns, and fields where the blood of the slain cries against you from the ground, and take your accursed feet from sanctuaries you have downtrodden and burned with fire, and from homes you have made desolate." And then he appeals for "khaki policemen" in Belgium and France to get the moving on accomplished. Well done, Vicar!

Germhuns in Bradford.

For its size, Bradford has for years probably had more Germhuns to the square mile than any other town in England. In fact, Bradford has a remarkable affection for Germhuns; so much so, that we find the Education Committee announcing Herr P. Bauer as the teacher of Germhun in its evening classes. Why in the name of all that stinks in human nostrils any Briton already a stranger to the barbarous Teutonic lingo should wish to speak Germhun, write Germhun, trade Germhun, or fraternise Germhun is one of those things which paralyses our understanding. It ought to be degrading for a Bradford man in these days to learn Germhun—from a "Herr," anyway.

Hear! Hear!

According to a local correspondent, Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., M.P., in addressing a War Emergency Meeting in the Doncaster Corn Exchange, the other evening, divided the country into two classes—the optimists and pessimists—and ranked himself amongst the former—adding: "If any of you require heartening I shall advise you to read the speeches and articles of Mr. Bottomley, the man whose cheery view of all difficulties—he never loses heart for a moment—has never doubted that our country will pull through triumphantly in the present crises." Sir Charles was always a good sort.

No Treating! You may still treat a friend to a "John Bull" Pen.

A Ross Lodging-House.

A common lodging-house came under the notice of the Urban District Council of Ross, in Herefordshire, when the Sanitary Inspector made complaint of offences against the bye-laws. It was alleged that the place was otherwise than clean, but the main fault appeared to be that some of the beds were made on the floor. The Sanitary Committee recommended that proceedings should be taken against the owner, and a motion to that effect was proposed. Mr. Meredith then had a few words to say, and they should have been weighty in their effect. In his opinion a warning would be quite sufficient—"he was not going to be a party to summoning a soldier who had joined the colours, and was prepared to shed his blood and even give his life for England, home, and duty." This was no "flowery" speech, for the man has given his blood—a good deal of it—and is "now lying wounded in the Dardanelles." So Mr. Meredith moved an amendment that a caution should be given. We are sorry to say he could not find a seconder, and that he was the only councillor with heart enough to vote against the motion to take proceedings against that wounded man. Ross Urban Council is in a bad way when it can muster only one member with humane and patriotic instincts. A caution should have sufficed; even if the conditions at the lodging-house would have justified a summons in ordinary times, it should be remembered that these times are extraordinary, and to institute proceedings against the wounded warrior is not prosecution but persecution.

A Brute.

John Morris, a "property owner," of Reading, may be a lunatic; he is certainly a brute. His property apparently consists of dwelling-houses; he imagines that his ownership extends to the tenants, and that their flesh and blood is his to beat and batter at his own sweet will and pleasure. Because a woman, the wife of a soldier in France, owed him some money for rent, this brute of a man "dragged her from her bedroom landing to the street, and beat her on the head with an umbrella." The woman, who was only partially dressed when the assault was committed, had been trying to pay the back-rent by small weekly instalments, and was doing her best to look after six little step-children, while her husband was away fighting. For his dastardly behaviour, we are happy to learn that John Morris has to pay £10, not because we think the punishment sufficient, but because we know that the best way to make such a man's heart bleed is to tap his pocket. We should like his body to suffer also, in a cell, but perhaps the memory of his £10 fine will suffice to induce gentler treatment when next some hard-working woman gets into arrear with a small amount of rent-money.

Overcoats Going Cheap.

The weather is getting colder, and overcoats are wanted by soldiers and civilians. So the Government is getting rid of its overcoats, for fear they might be useful. "Per Order of the Secretary of State for War," and under the Royal Lion and Unicorn, appears an advertisement of the sale by auction at Plymouth of "3,600 military great-coats, partly worn, comprising Service Dress, Blue and Grey, and now in store at H.M. Gunwharf, Plymouth." We undertake to say there are more than 3,600 men serving the colours who would be glad of those coats, even though "partly worn"—or there are prisoners to whom they would be a mercy. But, no; the Government must get rid of its "surplus stores," so up they go, under the hammer, to be knocked down at some ridiculous, ruinous price. Most probably they will be secured by a "knock-out" of the trade.

The Clerical Mind.

Quite a dainty booklet is issued to his parishioners as a "Message," by the Rev. Charles Serjeant, Vicar of St. Martin's, West Acton. It is neat and new in its way, differing from the usual parish magazine—but equally surprising. Its purpose is beyond cavil, being an invitation to prayer, but it betrays the clerical mind in its argument that prayer alone will save the nation. So West Acton is urged to come to church regularly and to seize the "opportunity of Manufacturing Spiritual Munitions. . . . Don't refuse to come and 'do your bit'!" But the choicest passages of Mr. Serjeant's message occur in a "Foreword," where his parishioners are supposed to ask themselves: "Have I been giving money for use against the enemy which should have been spent—and if there had been no war would have been spent—on God's House in this parish? If I have, I have been acting as Hezekiah did—foolishly." If those sentences mean anything, they mean that money spent for the Navy and Army—say in taxes, for instance—should really have been spent in his church. And now West Acton knows what to do. Instead of paying their Income Tax, let all the foolish Hezekiahs resident there put the money in the plate at St. Martin's. And then we shan't be long!

Assumption and Presumption.

A paragraph in the egregious Miss Weston's publication, *Ashore and Afloat*, for October, has caught our eye. It runs: "H.M.S. *Invincible:* We have a request for more R.N.C.U. forms. Glad to hear good work is going on on board. One of our friends writes: 'When we first came to this ship there were only three of us Christians on board, and now we have got fourteen serving the Lord.'" H.M.S. *Invincible* must be very shorthanded—unless it is meant that only fourteen of the crew make a parade of their religious convictions. As for saying there are only fourteen Christians on board, that is pharisaical presumption we should hardly have expected of a sailor. Inasmuch as the whole of the crew of H.M.S. *Invincible*—aye, and the whole of the personnel of the whole Fleet and its subsidiary units—are risking their lives in a great crusade against the Devil, his Vicar on Earth (the Kaiser) and all their works, we think every sea-going member of the Navy is entitled to be called a Christian in the only sense that matters. The fourteen super-Christians aboard the *Invincible* must take care lest they become puffed up by the poisonous gas of self-righteousness.

"Stiff."

Guildford Magistrates were evidently in a vindictive mood when they dealt with a charge of stealing against a young man named Bernard T. Smith. He had been employed in a gunpowder works, and he found in a bathroom a "Munitions of War" badge, which he appropriated. When he left his job he wore the badge, though not entitled to do so; and for his offence, which the Chairman said was "serious," he received the alarming sentence of two months' hard labour. The Magistrates utterly failed to temper their justice with mercy, and it almost seems as though the man was punished with such undue severity because somebody thought him a shirker. Yet, if his own story be true, such a suspicion was unjust. He said he had tried to enter the Army, but had failed, and that he wore the badge in London because he was called a slacker. If there was no animus against him on this account, it was "stiff" to give him two months' hard labour for stealing a badge of little intrinsic value. He had picked up the thing and evidently did not regard the act as theft. That his notion was wrong has now been brought home to him with excessive emphasis. But we would like to know exactly what was in the minds of his judges.

Well worth reading, Mr. Bottomley in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Starvation Wages.

Longton, in the Potteries, boasts a townsman who pays "princely" salaries to his servants. He is Mr. George Ballance, a "draper, &c.," of the High Street. We do not know what that "&c." stands for, unless it means philanthropist. For Mr. Ballance employed a female shop-assistant, 29 years of age, and had the impudence to pay her a wage of 6s. per week, and one penny in the pound commission on all her sales over the counter. His own statement, amplifying these details, was that her wages "would come to about 8s. a week altogether, and she was supplied with her tea every day"—and that was the best case Mr. Ballance could make out for himself. He made out a bad case against the young woman, who had stolen goods from the shop valued together at £20 19s. 7½d. We suppose there is no excuse for her theft—but there was almost a reason. Employers who pay such starvation "wages" are opening the door to dishonesty and inviting peculation to step inside. The poor young woman pleaded guilty, and must pay ten pounds in fines—a sum she has certainly never been able to save out of her salary, even with "tea every day" thrown in. Yet she must be a good girl; her mother said "she had been her principal support in helping her to bring up nine children." We can only wish her a safe issue from her trouble—and a better future with a more generous employer.

Confusion.

Confusion reigns in Church circles at Shrewsbury, or perhaps we should say in the mind of one highly important Vicar—the potentate of St. Mary's. If we can pluck order from confusion we should think the story runs somewhat thuswise. One of the Recruiting Officers appealed to the collective clergy of the city for assistance in dealing with the National Register. The Vicar of St. Mary's duly received his invitation, and duly declined it, the idea of doing "clerk's work" possibly being painful and repugnant. Not that he said so; he merely indicated that the Bishop of the diocese had strictly forbidden the clergy of Shrewsbury to render any assistance in war work apart from their ordinary parish work. So, in obedience to that episcopal mandate, he sternly refused to take up his pen and write. Now the astonishing fact remains that five others of the Shrewsbury Clergy are all rendering help in the very place where the Vicar of St. Mary's declined. That is what makes the confusion worse confounded, for we cannot understand whether five clergymen are flagrantly flouting their Bishop, or whether one clergyman is—shall we say?—mistaken.

The Earth is the Lord's.

Accepting the view of the Notts Education Committee, who ought to be in a position to judge, Lord Savile certainly does not come out of his land deal with that public authority with much credit. Of course, nobody can compel even a lord to be philanthropic against his will, but when it comes to the pressing need for a school site in a remote village like Rainworth, chiefly for the education of the children of miners employed at his own colliery, and Lord Savile demands £240 for land not worth more than £50 as a member of the Committee states, there is evidently about the transaction an element so far removed from even the shadow of philanthropy that no passion for accuracy and no solemnity of restraint could induce us to describe it in any other terms than as unholy grab. At the meeting of the Committee it was characterised as "a scandalous price." However, the earth is the lord's, and the Committee have either to pay the price, or do without.

The Little One's Father.

The future does not look bright for little Helen Stephen, aged 10, of Aberdeen. Her father, that father's son—and so, presumably, her brother, or half-brother—and a woman were charged with assaulting her. The woman pleaded Not Guilty, and was put back for trial. The two "men" admitted the offence, and their case was heard. The father, James Stephen, said the child stole several halfpennies when running errands. But that statement had already been made and withdrawn. So the father fell back on the plea that little Helen told "stories" about his moral conduct. And the Fiscal said, "But they were true?" "Yes," admitted James. And then it was related how the son, angry because the woman said the child circulated those too true stories, put the little one on the floor and gave her a most unmerciful beating. Later, the father came home, and "also fell out upon the girl and gave her another beating, threatening to put her head in the fire, and following her into another room and striking her with his fists." A doctor described the bruises he found, even two days later—one eight inches long and another one inch long on her leg, and others on her calf, thigh, and arms. Altogether it was a brutal case, shocking as the doings of father and brother; and the Magistrate, saying it was disgraceful and cowardly, imposed a fine of 30s. or 30 days on each "man." The law is merciful to brutes in Aberdeen. And the closing words of the newspaper are ominous:—"The father, on leaving the dock, asked what he was to do with the child. The Fiscal said, 'Look after her properly, and behave yourself.' The father left the Court shaking his head. ..." Poor little Helen! What will the coming days bring her?

A Parody of Grief.

If ye have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now. Let the issue from your lachrymal glands pour forth in profusion and abundance, and not be squeezed out in scanty, scurvy drops. Weep for the sorrow, the grief, and the woe of the Vicar of Boynton, in whose heart death has left an aching void. There is a new-made grave in the grass, and the disconsolate Vicar may gaze upon it from his study window in those rare moments when vision finds a way through the misty film of tears. Wreaths and crosses are placed regularly on that carefully tended place of sepulchre, and there is a head-stone erected, "similar to that erected for a child." And this, if you please, is what is graven upon that head-stone: "Punch, for many years a loving friend to his master, who trusts in the mercy of God to see him again in the hereafter. 'And all things ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive.' St. Matthew, chap. xxi., 22." That grave on the lawn of the vicarage is a dog's tomb, and perhaps we ought to be thankful that the Vicar did not bury his pet in the churchyard. We are glad the clergyman loved his dog in life, but we cannot sympathise with the extensive parade of grief that follows the animal after death. The waste of money is deplorable, the burlesque of mourning is in shocking taste, and we wonder if the Vicar's theology, as expressed on a dog's head-stone, will find favour with his Bishop. The parson hopes to meet his four-footed friend in what he euphemistically refers to as "the hereafter"; but it is scarcely a reverent picture to imagine him greeted by the yelps of a terrier at the Gate of Paradise.

The Explanation.

We have all been wondering why President Wilson did not tackle Germany. Now we know. He has been busy courting.

For winners of our First Football Competition see page 25.

"A Cake for Banbury."

It is some weeks since we recorded the fact that the Rev. L. P. Schmidt, on leaving St. Paul's, Ramsgate, to become curate at Banbury, had changed his name to Smith. On the authority of the Vicar of Banbury, who writes on the subject in his "Parish Magazine," we now learn that Mr. "Smith" is not to honour the cake town with his presence. He has "withdrawn his acceptance of the assistant curacy." In this we think he has shown good sense; and the matter might be left there, but that the Vicar goes on to say, "Owing to the prejudice which has been created by unfair reports as to his nationality, he has, after careful consideration, decided not to come, as he considers that his work and happiness would suffer . . . We have in this way lost a priest and a family who would undoubtedly have been a real acquisition to the life and work of our parish." The clerical mind frequently offers a curious field for study, so it is possible the Vicar may think his remarks about "unfair reports" as to Mr. Schmidt's nationality are just and truthful. There is nothing "unfair" in pointing out that Mr. Schmidt changed his name to Smith. The Ramsgate vicar under whom he served wrote that the curate "turned his name into English . . . very reluctantly," because of "family associations with his original name." If the good folk of Banbury have hinted their objections, that fact need occasion no wonderment. The wonder is that their Vicar should have tried to make such an appointment. The country is in no mood just now to receive the gospel of the "Schmidts."

Willing Ones Wasted.

Two bright young fellows, patriots both, resolved to do their duty. It was at Plymouth; so away they went to the Citadel to enlist in the R.G.A. They were told they were two inches too short. Disappointed but not discouraged, the chums proceeded to Old Town Street to join the A.S.C. There they learned that no more men were required in that corps. They own they began to feel "discontented," but they would not throw up the sponge so soon. They tried, a third time for luck, at the recruiting depot of the R.E.s, only to learn that they were of no use because they had no trade! It is a stupid, silly story, so far as the military authorities are concerned. Here were two young fellows willing, ready and anxious to serve King and country—two chums of the fine kind that makes our Army the best in the world, two of the men we need stepping forward and saying, "Take us!"—and not one recruiting officer with gumption enough to take them! Some folk say the voluntary system is played out, and that no more volunteers are available. And yet here are two of the best turned away for a "reason" when the doors should have been flung wide open in welcome.

Unclaimed Dividends.

In the Directors' report of the New Kleinfontein Company, Limited, with issued capital over a million, we note a long list of names and numbers under the head of "Dividend Warrants Unpaid." If this can be done in South Africa, why can't it be done here? If it is the obligation in South Africa, why can't it be the legal obligation here? Nothing can shake our conviction that the unclaimed dividends and undisclosed balances in British public companies and banks amount to a very vast total. At any rate, we should soon have the truth if there was a statutory obligation to publish; and knowing it, it would not be difficult to find means to adjust the claims of public expediency and private interests.

A Mean Father.

There are probably few records of cases of neglected children when the main information is laid by the mother against the father of the sufferers. That unusual feature was in evidence at Birmingham Quarter Sessions, when a laundryman was charged with unlawfully and wilfully neglecting his nine children, whose ages ranged from 15 years down to one year. The husband got 55s. to 60s. a week, and in addition two of the children earned 6s. a week each, which they gave to him. Yet the meanness with which he treated his family was remarkable for its thoroughness and its method. Before the war he allowed the children two pieces of bread and lard for breakfast, but this had been reduced to a piece and a half since war commenced. They had exactly similar "food" for dinner and tea, and that was the sole dietary—except on Sundays and Mondays. The man—as Dan Leno used to sing—"liked a bit of meat on Sunday," so on that day he provided a 4 lb. joint, which was also served up cold on Monday, what was left of it. It was scarcely surprising when the mother described three of the children as mentally deficient, and another as subject to fits. A doctor said the poor youngsters were insufficiently and improperly fed, and there can be little doubt that he spoke truly. The defendant pleaded guilty, but seems to have offered no explanation why, receiving plenty of money, he subjected his children to semi-starvation. The Assistant Recorder took the strange view that the matter was "not serious as these cases went, but he could not help thinking that prisoner had been extremely mean." So he just bound the man over to come up for judgment if called upon—which we hope he will be, unless he practises more generosity as a father.

The Ridicule That Kills.

The cruelty and wickedness of mocking at another person's physical deformity or disfigurement were exemplified in the case of a poor girl dressmaker, of St. John's Wood. Happy and contented in other things, with no other trouble, she yet suffered what in the end proved an overwhelming misery—due to a growth of hair on her upper lip. Poor Elizabeth Byrne was morbidly sensitive on the subject; and her grief was added to by the thoughtless comments of passers-by, and, strange to relate, by the remarks of other girls at the Church Guild she attended. You would imagine a Church Guild as a place where Christian charity is practised, and where the evil thing is not said, but the girl's afflicted mother proved the contrary. So worried was Miss Byrne that she worked hard and saved her money so that she might undergo the expensive—and painful—electric treatment for the removal of those distressing hairs of hers. Apparently the process was successful, but the growth came back, and the girl "had almost gone mad." To us it seems the poor, tortured soul was quite mad, for in the night she flung herself from her bedroom window, a fall of 38 ft., to the hard ground. She was taunted and mocked to her death—for the thoughtless, careless girls, and others who pointed at her the finger of scorn, the merciless ones who deemed it a "joke" to make wanton sport of her disfigurement, were also pointing Elizabeth Byrne along the path to suicide.

"Bullets" for Tommy and Jack.

In order to give Tommy and Jack and others serving the country a better opportunity to take part in our popular "Bullets" pastime, we have in certain circumstances extended the time limit to a complete fortnight. Full particulars will be found on page 32.

Can you make as good a "Bullet" as this week's winner?

IF I WERE DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING.

A STRAIGHT TALK WITH LORD DERBY—HOW TO PREVENT CONSCRIPTION.

By the Editor.

The other day I jocularly referred to myself as Purveyor of Ideas to the Government, and in that capacity I suggested, amongst other things, that it should appoint a Minister, or Director, of Recruiting. And lo! it was so. In the words of the *Sunday Pictorial*, "the Government, as is becoming customary in these days, at once adopted the suggestion." Its choice fell upon my Lord Derby—who, adopting another idea of mine, had formed a battalion of khaki workers at the Liverpool Docks, and is a strong Conscriptionist! But he is, withal, a very gallant nobleman—and a man of powerful personality and plain speaking, as the postal employees learnt when he was our P.M.G. I should very much have appreciated an opportunity of a personal interview with the new Director; but as a series of public meetings demands my absence from town for several days, I propose to avail myself of these columns for the purpose of tendering, with much respect, my ideas of how the Department should be run.

A Final Test.

First of all, let it be made manifest from the start that whatever may be the personal views of the Director, this is to be a genuine, strenuous, *and final* test of the Voluntary system. Let us get the last ounce out of it. And the first thing is to ascertain from Lord Kitchener just how many new men he wants. Having learnt that, full steam must be turned on, and kept up, either till they are secured—or the job is abandoned. But if it *is* abandoned, I say deliberately it will be the fault of the Department. At present I know nothing of Lord Derby's proposed methods; but I venture a few words of advice. *Don't be too deferential to the Authorities.* I'm rather afraid that is a weakness of his lordship. I remember how an obsequious surrender to Mr. Runciman killed the Epsom Derby, and made us look very stupid in the eyes of Germany and Austria, whose big racing events—competed for largely by English-bred horses, ridden by English jockeys—have taken place without interruption. "Just give the word," said Lord Derby, a fortnight before the great festival which bears his name was due, "and the Jockey Club will stop all racing in twenty-four hours." And the word was quickly given—with the result that horse-breeding has been almost irreparably ruined, hundreds of animals are being half-starved, and thousands of men and lads, ineligible for military service, have been thrown out of employment—whilst the munition workers, and others, have been deprived of what might easily have been transformed, under proper control, into a weekly Saturday afternoon recreation which would have stimulated and cheered them in their work. Of course, we all appreciate the patriotic motives which prompted his lordship's speech, but he was too obsessed with the idea of Government authority, and, if I may use the phrase without offence, went off "half-cock."

Those Recruiting Committees.

And I am somewhat apprehensive that he is starting his office in the same spirit. Candidly, I do not like reading that before taking any steps he requires time to consult the "Parliamentary Recruiting Committee" and the Trades Union Recruiting Committee—and, I suppose, also the Recruiting Committee of the Cabinet. However, I notice there is to be a Conference with such bodies early in the present week, and can only trust that by the time these lines are read they will all have been effectively and finally cleared out of the way. They have had their opportunities, and have failed. There is nothing to learn from them. Nor should the new Director trouble himself about the War Office. Voluntary enlistment is a branch of the civil life of the nation; not till the recruit has joined the colours does he come under military discipline and law. And therein lies one of the explanations of past failures. Military Recruiting Officers ought never to have been appointed. The art of gentle persuasion is not in their line. By all means bring young V.C. heroes into the light, and let them tell, in their own rugged, honest way, the story of their glorious deeds; let us have a company of finely trained, well fed, well equipped fellows lined up at every recruiting function—*but no soldiers on the platform.* And no paid, professional speakers. They are too terrible. The "Scrap of Paper"—Belgian atrocities—German *Kultur*—and all the other platform "properties" supplied by Central Offices are played out. The public is sick and tired of them; and I can sympathise with Mr. Seymour Hicks who, on being asked to speak at Trafalgar Square, said, "What on earth can I say which they haven't heard a thousand times before?" Sensible Seymour! Lord Derby must organise an entirely new set of machinery—with new men to work it. I shall be happy to submit specifications.

Gag the Traitors.

Meantime, one of the first things to be done must be to gag the traitors. If the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act are not sufficient, let them be at once enlarged. No man must be permitted, either in the press or at public meetings, *or even in private*, whilst the war is on, to utter a word calculated to disturb or undermine the unity and the patriotism of the people. *The Director of Recruiting must be armed with power to arrest, without warrant, anyone infringing this regulation.* Here, for instance, is Mr. Smillie telling a Glasgow meeting

of working men that "the banners of Europe were arrayed in France and Flanders and on the other battlefields of the present terrible war, *but all of these sank into insignificance beside the glorious banner of Socialism*"; and telling them further "not to believe the fable" that the war had "united like brothers the working classes and the capitalist class, and that the bond of unity would never be broken. When the war was over they would not hear much of unity; the probability was that the contest would be more bitter than ever it had been before." And this pestilent treachery was received with "cheers"! Then Mr. Ramsay Macdonald took a hand. "To-day their party was in a minority. . . . yet there was not a man of intelligence *on the other side* but knew that, minority as they were, they were the only dangerous people after the war was over. *Their enemies knew* perfectly well that during the last twelve months they have had a better chance than they ever had during the last twenty-five years of smashing the independent organisation of working-class politics in this country. *That was what they were striving to do.*" What do you think of it? All the brave fellows who are fighting and bleeding for the land of their birth, and they who are inspiriting and cheering them, are the "*enemies*" of the workers, and are "*on the other side*," and instead of fighting for God and Right are really out to destroy the Independent Labour Party! And now listen to another pestiferous traitor, and coward. I doubt whether anything more mischievous and treasonable has been spoken since the war began:—"Why should I go on a recruiting platform?" he asked. "I refuse to ask any man to sacrifice his life for me." Was there ever such cant? I suppose that in the remote event of an angry mob setting about him, he would forbid the policeman interfering—it might involve the sacrifice of his life! And then listen to this bit of unadulterated humbug: "I am prepared to take the consequences myself of what may happen to me." Sounds brave, doesn't it—*but*, asked by one of the audience what would happen in the event of a German invasion, the cowardly cur let the cat out of the bag: "I do not accept the possibility of invasion—not for a moment." There is the measure of his courage. But later on he made another statement—and anything better calculated to discourage recruiting it would be hard to find: "I do not accept the assumption that if the country *were* invaded, a foreign yoke was going to be put on the necks of the people." In other words—Why enlist? Why fight? What harm would a victory for Germany entail on the British working man?

Now as long as these fellows—and there are scores of them—are permitted to remain at large, disseminating such poison in the minds of the people, the Director of Recruiting may just as well stay in bed. Every man jack of them should be clapped into gaol forthwith. I cannot, for the life of me, understand how anyone knowing the facts about the war (and everyone *should* know them by now) can doubt for an instant the righteousness of our cause; but I do say that the duty of any honest man who thinks differently is to maintain silence till the tragedy is over—as John Burns is doing. Every word—aye, every letter in every word—in those speeches I have quoted is the stab of a poisoned dagger in the back of some brave boy fighting in the trenches—fighting that even men—save the mark!—like Smillie and Macdonald and Snowden, may live. To the Tower with them! So come, Lord Derby, what about it?

A Time Limit.

Another point. There must be a definite Time Limit to the campaign—say December 31st. Let it be clearly understood that any man who has not enlisted by the date will be liable to be fetched—and that the terms of pay, allowances and pension will be different in the case of conscripts to those of the volunteer armies. I think, too, there is something in my suggestion about having a "V" on the collar of the volunteer, and a "C" on that of the conscript. But the main distinction—and one which cannot be too strongly emphasised—is that whereas the volunteer joins for the duration of the war only, the conscript will be put into the permanent Army. How do you like that, my shirkers? And there are several other "little differences"—as the Suffragette said—but as to which I prefer not to speak at present.

Public Meetings.

And do not attach much importance to public meetings. You don't get the slackers and shirkers at them. There is a place for everything—and a public hall is not the place which attracts the young man who hasn't enlisted to come and be told that he is a coward and all the rest of it. Which leads to another observation, my dear Lord Derby. You must not speak to your new *clientèle* as you have been speaking to the shirkers in the past—nor as you spoke to the postmen, when they were wicked enough to ask for more money. You must dissemble your wrath. And *don't* have an array of wounded men on the platform. The nervous citizen doesn't like the look of bandages and wooden legs; and, after all, the odds are enormously in favour of his never having to require either. And there are a lot of other little wrinkles I should like to give you. You see, I have been recruiting for many months—and, in a sense, you are my creation. And I do want you to be a success. As a matter of fact, three millions is not bad to go on with—and the war really is not going to last for ever. Lord Kitchener cannot possibly require more than another half million men, and allowing for a few days' preparation, you have ten weeks in which to find them. That means 50,000 a week, or a few thousand a day—and if I could not get them, without Conscription, I would eat my hat—and thus prevent Mr. McKenna from taxing it.

A Glorious Post.

After all, you have been called to a glorious post. If when the war is over you are able to say that *you* saved the voluntary system of service in this old land of ours; that *you* enabled Lord Kitchener to save the British Empire without the aid of one pressed man; that *you* succeeded where others had failed in bringing to life the latent patriotism and martial spirit of our race—then your name will not be the least honoured of all the heroes of our day. God speed you!